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Poems and Songs



J. K. Newell



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Poems and Songs

By
J. R. Newell



Boston: Richard G. Badger

The Gorham Press

1904

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PRINTED AT
THE GORHAM PRESS
BOSTON, U. S. A.

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National and Patriotic

Queen Victoria

Bowed down with grief the Nation weeps,
The people sorrow o'er their Queen —
The best, the noblest earth has seen,
A name which mem'ry loves and keeps.

Since David's Royal House began,
No name has lived on history's page
So glorious; and each future age
Shall hoard it as a talisman.

God save the Queen! Alas! we sing
Another strain than that today;
And still with heart and soul we pray:
God save the King! God save the King!

Yet once more, as the solemn scene
Is passing, and the queenly Dead
Is borne from view, we bow the head,
And weeping pray: God save the Queen!

Coronation Ode

Written for *Good Words*

I

When from Victoria's hand the sceptre dropped,
A mighty sorrow seized the Nation's heart,
As if the march of progress had been stopped,
And peace and hope had said: Let us depart!

But Heaven had heard the Nation's prayer that
she
Might leave an Heir her greatness to succeed;
And in th' Eternal Councils the decree
Was issued provident for time of need.

And from that glorious Throne which symbols
forth
The thrones, dominions, principalities
In heavenly places, kingly truth and worth
Breathe benisons o'er continents and seas.

Heaven heard the Nation's prayer, and, gracious
still
To the predestined people, gives a King,
Who shall the Empire's proudest hopes fulfill,
When peace prevails, or war's dread echoes
ring!

Where outer ocean washes distant shores
In every clime and zone remote or near,
Where Britain's opulence its largesse pours,
Dominion grows in greatness year by year.

And with that growth a loyal spirit grows,
Exulting as an eagle on the wing;
And wearers of the Thistle, Shamrock, Rose,
Repeat the British cheer: God save the King!

God save the King who to the Throne succeeds;
Ours is the trust of threescore years passed
o'er;
Be his the guerdon of immortal deeds,
Till Britain's realms shall stretch from shore
to shore!

II

Touch but the farthest points which mark
The Empire's bounds in east or west,
And instant as th' electric spark,
There starts a tremor of unrest, —

A tremor which pervades the whole,
Where tropic suns or arctic snows
Are as the passions of the soul,
Which to a perfect manhood grows.

Controlled by one responsive mind,
Which governs continents and seas,
Strong hands unfurl to every wind
A flag which floats on every breeze;

Beneath whose folds no tyrant King,
Nor ruthless people find abode;
But freedom folds her dewy wing,
And nestles at the feet of God!

III

"Truth, Morality, Peace": such is the pledge
of the King,
Who in his noble ambition ever such blessings
would bring,
Wielding the sceptre of empire over a mighty
domain,
Shadowing earth with such glory as monarchs
have sought for in vain.

Millions of hearts are expectant waiting the conquests of Right
Planned in the reign of Another — now in a halo of light, —
Planned in a Woman's devotion with heart of affection and truth,
Lived for till hands had grown agéd redeeming the pledges of youth.

Bright are the footprints behind her, where Kings of her Line are to tread,
And he who is throned as her Heir has a hope and a God overhead, —
A hope and a God to uplift him to heights where no monarch e'er stood
In the waves of an ultimate glory, which beat on the Throne like a flood.

Predestined of old o'er the nations to hold the dominion of Might,
Till freedom shall shatter the fetters which bar the dominion of Right,
Till Truth and Morality flourish, and war and its tumults shall cease,
And the dove, with the olive-branch hov'ring, shall come with the message of Peace.

Honor, and glory, and might, rest on the head of the King,
Peace and good will unto men, angels in unison sing;
Long may he live, till the darkness is swallowed in fulness of light,
And Law shall forever have triumphed, and Right be the standard of Might.

Faith, on her eagle-plumed pinions, is soaring
aloft and afar,
Nations are looking in wonder, and, after the
tumult of war,
Falls, like a star of the evening, a message the
angels would bring:
Heaven's best gift to the people is Truth in the
heart of the King.

IV

God save our gracious King,
Let all the people sing,
 God save the King;
By agéd and by young,
By every race and tongue,
On sea and land, be sung
 God save the King.

Let his broad Empire wake,
Land, ocean, stream, and lake,
 As swells the strain,
Till hate and discord flee,
And truth and loyalty
Shall utter far and free
 The glad refrain.

God save the King who reigns
To loose the captive's chains,
 And freedom bring;
Be his the dauntless mind,
In peace and war to find
The good of all mankind;
 God save the King!

To the Duke and Duchess of York

DURING THEIR TOUR OF THE DOMINION

He comes — the Heir of Britain's Throne —
To our Dominion of the West,
Where peace has reigned, and wealth has grown,
Beneath the flag we love the best;
And whatsoe'er the welcome given
In other lands, our own shall prove
As honest as the light of heaven,
As ardent as the flame of love.
Though guns may boom, and sabres flash,
And streamers float on every breeze,
And serried cavalcades may dash,
Like sunbeams flecked on summer seas;
Yet, while ten thousand voices start
The echoes with their glad acclaim,
The silent homage of the heart
Puts all these outward forms to shame.

We love the Throne of her who reigned
For threescore years o'er land and sea,
And still an equal sway maintained
'Twixt Motherland and Colony.
And like the Phoenix from the dust,
Her gracious Heir ascends the Throne,
Commanding that implicit trust
And homage, which were hers alone.
And Thee, the Royal Messenger
Of Royal Sire, whom we revere,
We hail with joy, and breathe the prayer
That Heaven may guard thy sojourn here.
To Thee and Royal Spouse we give
The best we have of truth and worth:
May ye fulfill our hopes, and live
Till peace shall dominate the earth!

Count Beauregard

Count Beauregard was a refugee in England, and was for two years an officer of the Lancers. He joined in 1894, and resigned his commission in 1896. Subsequently he went out to Kimberley, and joined the Boer forces. He fell in battle near Pretoria.

The man who found in days gone by
A refuge and a home
On British soil, yet dared to fly
When foes were seen to come —
Nay, who allied himself with those,
And fought his steadfast friend,
Deserved to die with Britain's foes,
And meet a graceless end.

But Britain still shall yield a home
To homeless refugees
Expelled from fatherland, who come
In haste across the seas;
And treachery shall still repay
The kindness Britain shows:
It is the way — the wicked way —
Of thankless, treacherous foes.

Flag-Selling in China

During the disturbances in China it was reported that Europeans were accustomed to sell their national flags to the Chinese, who made use of them for ulterior purposes. The British and American flags were not purchasable, although \$3,000 was offered for a flag.

Let soldiers of another race
Play fast and loose with treason,
Sell flag and honor, and disgrace
Their nation, name, and reason;
The Stars and Stripes and Union Jack
Are not for sale to foemen;
Come weal come woe, come blow come whack,
Those flags are bought by no man.

The treacherous Russ and hauty Gaul
May shame their name and nation,
May sell their flag, and thus forestall
A shameless degradation;
But Saxon honor still is bright,
And faithful to tradition;
And men may stand or fall in fight,
The flags know no transition.

From flagstaff and from masthead high
Fling out the flags, which flutter
Together in an alien sky,
When war's dread thunders mutter;
The Imperial Race must take the field,
And stand or fall together;
But never never shall they yield
To brook a foeman's tether.

O'er upland crag, o'er marsh and mead,
O'er ocean's heaving bosom,

They go to sow th' imperial seed,
Which yet shall bud and blossom,
Until the earth be filled with fruit
Of noble aspirations,
And freedom, peace, and hope refute
The dogmas of the nations.

The Two Nations

The days shall come when the Union Jack
And the Stars and Stripes shall be one
In a bond of peace, for the world's release
From the sway of the sword and gun.
In that day the chosen Race shall rule,
As foretold by seers divine;
And the scattered flock of a kindred stock
In a league of peace shall join.

A fulness of nations shall one branch be,
The other a nation of might,
In the day when the Lord shall fulfill His word
And the twain in a bond unite;
Then shall mankind fear no iron rod
In the hand of tyranny;
For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge
of God,
As the waters cover the sea!

"'Tis a dream," say they, the blinded ones,
"A vision — a phantasy;"
But God's own ways in the latter days
Shall cause the blind to see;
Till the earth itself shall awake in joy
For the Nations' triumph won,
And the tribes of earth shall publish forth
What Israel's God hath done!

Mr. J. Bull: His Business

There's a wonderful firm which is busy in trade,
And the sign — *The Big Gun* — is forever displayed,

All painted in Red, White, and Blue, which won't
fade —

'Tis the firm of one Mr. J. Bull.

You may go to the line of the tropical sun,
You may sail over oceans for wealth or for fun,
And a row of big houses will greet you, all run
By the forementioned Mr. J. Bull.

His needle and anchor establishments stand
As lighthouse to ocean and stronghold on land,
A fine combination in perfect command
Of the businesslike Mr. J. Bull.

There are wares for the dainty, and goods for
the bold,
As fine and as tempting as ever were sold,
All marked in plain figures; so, come with your
gold,
For he wants it, does Mr. J. Bull.

If you have not the cash, why, a mortgage will
do,
His dealings in real estate are a few;
He's a lover of land, but has also in view
Ocean trade, the same Mr. J. Bull.

His clerks speak all languages under the sun,
And will sell you a Bible as soon as a gun;
But they'd rather sell both, when you're purchasing one —
“You may need them,” says Mr. J. Bull.

So come to the great departmentals of trade;
The Big Gun is the sign, and is always displayed,
All painted in Red, White, and Blue, which won't
fade;

He leads, does this Mr. J. Bull.

N. B. —

But if you should chance to step over the way,
And trade with a rival — now, mind what I
say —

Perhaps the *Big Gun* may be brought into play —
“’Tis my way, sir!” says Mr. J. Bull.

The Power of Song

AN INCIDENT OF THE BRITISH COURT

The Court was hushed, and every eye was bent
upon the Queen,

Whose face was womanly and kind, and all her
looks serene:

“Bring forth the singer;” she was brought, and
in that Presence stood,

A daughter of the Celtic race, bright, beautiful,
and good.

“Sing one of Erin’s sad sweet songs,” the good
Queen kindly said;

And then the singer paused to think, and bowed
her graceful head:

She thought of Erin’s ancient fame, when kings
of native birth

Rode proudly forth in royal state, the noblest of
the earth.

She thought of prelate and of priest, whose
guidance had been sought
By foreign lands, when Erin shone as earth's
most sacred spot;
She thought of minstrel and of bard, whose
melody and songs
Had waked of old the hills and dales, as with a
thousand tongues.

But, no! she must not sing of those — they all
had passed away —
The throne, the learning, and the song, were of
a bygone day;
Where glory shone, and learning ruled, and
song was heard erstwhile,
Now darkness, ignorance, and grief profane the
Sacred Isle!

And so the singer raised her head and sang of
Erin's grief,
Of Erin's ills, which never knew a cordial of
relief;
She sang of men and women bound and thrown
in dungeon mean,
Or hanged like dogs throughout the land for
wearing of the Green!

And as she sang, her accents touched the heart
of England's Queen,
Who wept to hear the tale retold of all that once
had been;
And still as sadder grew the song, more fast the
tear-drops flowed,
And queenly dignity bowed down before a na-
tion's God.

And from that moment Erin felt a sense of
better things,
As queenly power has striv'n to right the wrongs
of England's Kings;
And Erin's sons have found a friend in Eng-
land's gracious Queen:
None dare to wrong or vex them now for wear-
ing of the Green.

Ah! little thought the fair young girl who sang
the mournful song
How far the influence would reach to right a
cruel wrong;
But stronger than the patriot's words in senate
hall, is seen
The gentle power of that sad song, which won
Britannia's Queen!

Ireland's Opportunity

Oh, they tell me that the Irish are once more
allowed to live,
And that enemies of olden time must pardon and
forgive;
And they tell me that we've freedom in old
Ireland to be seen
Without threat of jail or gallows for the wear-
ing of the Green.

And they tell me that the Shamrock shall hence-
forth be worn by those
Who have trod it down disdainfully, poor Ire-
land's cruel foes;
Well, God be praised that happier days for Ire-
land shall be seen.
When her children shall not suffer for the wear-
ing of the Green.

Oh, it seems so strange that Ireland is a place
wherein to live,
And that enmities of olden time we'll pardon and
forgive;
But we know the night is breaking and the day-
star may be seen,
For it's not a crime in Ireland now the wearing
of the Green.

And, please God, the dear old banner, which in
freedom used to wave,
Shall again be seen in honor floating proudly
o'er the brave;
Ay, the green flag of old Ireland on the flag-
staff shall be seen,
And we'll fear no jail or gallows for the wear-
ing of the Green!

Canadian Patriotic Song

We are the sons of Empire,
And manfully we've stood
Beside the Mother of the Race
In stalwart Nationhood:
Our brothers and our kin have died —
If need be, so die we
As we fight for the right
'Neath the banner of the free,
In the struggle for our kindred race,
And the Empire of the free.

We are the heirs of Empire,
And ours it is to claim
The broadest rights of citizens
Where lives the British name;
And while such privilege as this
Is ours on land and sea,

We'll fight for the right
In the struggle of the free,
In the combat for our heritage,
And the Empire of the free.

We are the men of Empire
By right of brawn and brain;
Our sires made Britain what she is,
And what we shall maintain.
Where Britain's arms and commerce go,
There fearlessly go we,
To fight for the right
In the cause of liberty,
For the honor of the British Race,
And the Empire of the free.

Then here's to our Dominion,
And here's to those who've died,
And here's to those who battle on
For Britain's power and pride!
The billows of the mighty deep
Are not more proud than we,
As we fight for the right
In the contest of the free,
In the combat for the British name,
And the Empire of the free!

An Apocalypse

Hark! the tramp of armed thousands pushing
conquest o'er the earth;
Look! o'er ocean, sea, and river gallantly the
ships go forth;
Roar of battle, surging louder, thunders far
tumultuously;
War's dread phantom rises ghastly, stretching
hands o'er land and sea.

Tell us, O thou Seer of Patmos, what shall be
the end of all,
When the nations meet in conflict, and earth's
thrones begin to fall, —
When the sun and moon are darkened, and the
stars from heaven are fled,
And the birds of prey are gathered for a banquet
o'er the dead?

Tell us — tell us (for thou knowest) what shall
in the end befall,
When the angel lifts the trumpet for the last
dread battle call?
Who shall live to tell the story, when the battle's
fiery breath
Shall have swept the trembling nations down the
precipice of death?

And methinks I see a people puissant and ready
rise
As from sleep to seize the sceptre of a world
which prostrate lies;
And above the wreck of ages, shattered kingdoms,
crumbled thrones,
Vict'ry shouts a song of triumph passing earth's
remotest zones.

Then a Banner, war-becrimsoned, which has
waved a thousand years
Over flood and field victorious, in a cloud of
light appears;
Banner of a mighty People, ensign of a Race
divine,
God-ordained to lead in freedom where the Cross
shall be the sign.

Swords to plowshares now are beaten, war's
dread thunders peal no more,
Peace and plenty fill the nations, gladness reigns
from shore to shore,
Hope looks upward to the mountains, sees the
triumphs yet to be,
Hears the pæan of the ages: Heav'n has tri-
umphed — man is free!

Gannon-gog

Wails o'er the misty Atlantic re-echoing o'er the
Pacific,
Wails as from nation in anguish who dread
what may happen tomorrow,
Fill earth and sky with their dissonance, moan-
ing like winds of November,
When Nature dismantles the forest in lonely and
wide desolation.
Rosh with his cohorts of thousands is gathering
strength for the conflict;
Riders and horses caparisoned, ready to rush to
the onset,
Wait for the call of the trumpet to sound the
advance to the battle;
And with him are leagued for the struggle the
sons of the alien and stranger,

Numerous, eager, and swift, like locusts which
eat up the harvest.
Rosh, the predestined of nations, foreseen in the
visions of prophets,
Marshals the hosts of the mighty ones gathering
fast from the North Land,
Nation with nation uniting, which once were at
variance and hostile,
Coming like brothers to brothers, who once were
estranged from each other.
Gather there now from the Westward the ships
from the regions of Tarshish,
Ships from the Isles of the West, where God
from of old made provision,
Plowing the billows which foam with a presage
of battle and ruin —
Ruin more awful and dire than ages and ages
of slaughter.

Woe unto Rosh and the hordes of the alien and
stranger accurséd!
Woe unto those who profane the Land of a holy
remembrance!
Now shall the vengeance, restrained through
ages of wicked presumption,
Burst in a tempest of brimstone and hail from
the hand of Jehovah!
Wails from the tempest-tossed ocean, and deso-
late cries on the mainland,
Groans of the nations in anguish, who shrink
with the dread of the morrow,
Fill earth and sky with their dissonance, harsh
as the loud lamentations,
When cruel Tisiphone scourges the souls in Tar-
tarian bondage.

Night settles down and o'ershadows the face of
the mainland and ocean,
Night the most awful since God in His wrath
smote the first-born of Egypt;
Darkness and dread brood in concert o'er moun-
tain and valley where silence
In whispering shadows rehearses the fate of the
horse and the rider.
Blackness of darkness comes down, and the hot
waves of vapor ascending
Stifle the war-weary soldier, who curses the
struggle for conquest,
Curses the hopes of ambition, which challenge
the anger of Heaven;
Then, grasping his sword, leaps in frenzy to
grapple with dangers impending.

Hark! loudly a bugle is calling — the noise of
an army advancing
Is heard from the Westward, and nearer re-
sounds the approaching of horsemen;
Bugle now answers to bugle, and tumult is an-
swering to tumult,
Awful and dread as when earthquakes are rend-
ing the rocks and the mountains!
Suddenly flames in the darkness a flash as if
thousands of lightnings
Blended in one dread convulsion were hurled
from the hand of Jehovah;
Then for a moment the silence of destiny hangs
in the darkness —

When instant and dreadful, o'erwhelming the
horse and the rider, the fury
Of Heav'n in hot thunderbolts falls, as when,
rent from the brow of the mountain,

The avalanche sweeps to the valley in headlong
destruction and ruin!
Rosh and his multitudes, ignorant, deeming their
foes are upon them,
Grapple with all who oppose, and smite in the
darkness each other;
Wild consternation and frenzy urge onward the
havoc and slaughter,
And what is not done by the sword is done by
the vengeance of Heaven.

Over the field of fierce conflict comes there a
silence of horror,
Lightnings and thund'rings are ceased, and morn
hastens over the mountains;
Morn with a rosy effulgence now lights up the
earth, and discloses
The slain in the Valley of Hamon — a feast for
the vultures and eagles.
Gather there now on the mountains, assemble
there now in the valleys,
The hosts from the Isles of the West, the elect
from the regions of Tarshish,
Armed for the battle which ages long past had
expected, now ended
And fought by the arm of Jehovah with man in
his impotent blindness.

Praise to Jehovah, O people! The Lord was our
strength in the battle;
Praise Him, O Israel, praise! till the mountains
and valleys re-echo
With gladsome hosannas, and Zion has heard her
Restorer has triumphed,
Who gives her the might and dominion to rule
o'er the nations forever!

Poems on the South African
War

Canada to Dufferin

AN ELEGY ON LORD AVA, WHO FELL IN AN ACTION
AT LADYSMITH.

“CLANDEBOYE, IRELAND, March 8, 1900.

“*My dear Mr. Newell:* Some kind friend has sent me the touching verses you have written in reference to the death of our poor boy, and Lady Dufferin has begged me to express to you her deepest gratitude, which I do both in her name and in my own, for having paid so tender and generous a tribute to his memory. Nor are we less sensible of the friendly spirit towards ourselves which breathes through your beautiful poem. Believe me,

“Yours sincerely,

“DUFFERIN AND AVA.”

The man whose name stands highest in th' esteem

Of those o'er whom he ruled in days gone by
Is not forgotten, now that death's dark stream
Hath quenched the hopes which once burnt
proud and high.

Ah! who shall say how much the father
thought—

How oft the mother prayed as days sped on,
And boyhood from that loftier manhood caught
The fire Promethean passed from sire to son.

And when at length the cry “To arms!” was
heard,
And valiant deeds succeeded boasting words,

Brave Ava rushed to battle — did and dared
The hero's part against unequal hordes.

As now th' illustrious father bows his head
In manly grief beside that honored bier,
We too would sorrow for the noble dead,
And mourn his loss with those whom we
revere.

A Ballad of the War

In the annals of the Empire, in the records of
the Kings,
In the stories of the conflicts which have been
on land and sea,
It is written, it is published, and the message
onward wings
The imperial shout that Britons shall for ever-
more be free!

To the battle ground of Hastings, where the
Saxon stood at bay,
And the Norman, like an avalanche, swept
down upon the foe,
We are looking — the proud progeny of those
who fought that day, —
We are Norman, Celt, and Saxon, and we
want the world to know.

We are looking back to Agincourt, where on a
later day
The flower and pride of haughty Gaul almost
disdained to fight;
But th' imperial race of Britain turned the
laughter to dismay,
And the crown of France was Henry's ere the
advent of the night.

We are looking back to Hawkins, and to Drake,
and Frobisher,
When the mighty fleet came northward from
the hostile shores of Spain;
And we seem to hear the tumult, that surcharged
the troubled air,
When British might spread havoc and de-
struction o'er the main.

We are looking back to Nelson at the Nile and
Trafalgar,
To Wellington at Waterloo, to Havelock and
to Clyde;
And we feel our hearts beat faster, as the tumult
of the war
Brings to mem'ry glorious actions of our sires
who fought and died.

We are looking on th' achievements of our
heroes of today,
Who in Egypt and in Africa have won a last-
ing peace:
They shall shine on history's pages, like the
sun's meridian ray,
As the men who broke the fetters, and to
captives gave release.

And despite the jealous nations, we are striving
day by day
That our flag may wave in freedom from the
flagstaff and the mast,
And that British arms shall triumph, as in thick-
est of the fray
We shall rally round the standard, and be
Britons to the last!

Lines

Throughout the long dull night the bivouac fires
Gleam fitfully, while men in ambush creep
From rock to crevice, as the foe retires
As stealthily beyond where sentries keep
Their nightly virgils, and the long watch tires
The weary eye forbidden now to sleep
While the deep silence reigns, so soon to yield
To storm and tumult over camp and field.

And while in homes afar beyond the sea
The mothers, wives, and sweethearts of the
brave
Lift holy hands to Heaven imploringly,
That He, who notes the sparrow's fall, may
save
Each cherished one; yet Britons must be free,
And Freedom's price is havoc and the grave;
And many a heart, with hope now beating fast,
Shall rot in foreign wilds when all is past!

Yet from that soil shall spring in after years
A harvest of requital, such as brings
Joy to the reapers, when the mist of tears
Has passed away forever on the wings
Of fluttering darkness, and a day appears
Of ceaseless progress, which imaginings
Could never dream of, telling of release
And boundless empire, and a world at peace.

The Conflict

Thunder of guns on the mainland,
Trooping of ships on the sea,
Hissing of shot and screaming of shell —
What may this tumult be?
Look! from the North and the South,
See! from the East and the West,
An Empire's sons from every clime
Are touched by a strange unrest!

Thunder of guns on the mainland,
Speeding of ships from far,
Sons of the Empire, East and West,
Are one in the strife of war;
East and West in the strife are they,
One in the contest joined;
While the lagging world looks after them
From the lowlands far behind.

Thunder of guns on the mainland,
Trooping of ships at sea,
Hissing of shot and screaming of shell,
Boom out the century.
East and West are one in the strife,
When the war-drum beats alarms;
And an Empire's sons, from every clime,
Shall meet the world in arms!

There is Nothing too Good for the Irish

There is nothing too good for the Irish these
days.

When war is the pastime, and all the world's
gaze

Is turned on the men who are winning the praise,
There is nothing too good for the Irish.

From the boys of the city of Dublin to those
Who have gone to the war in less elegant clothes,
They are all of a piece, and the story still goes
That there's nothing too good for the Irish.

And the Queen (Heaven bless her!) reviewing
the war

Has seen, though the English have garter and
star,

That the Irish, untitled, fight better by far,
And are always and everywhere Irish.

So the Shamrock, the emblem of Erin of old,
More loved than the badges of silver and gold,
Is worn on the breast of the warrior bold;

For there's nothing too good for the Irish.

And the Green Flag again from the flagstaff
shall fly,

And wave as of old in its own native sky,

And the right to be Irish we'll win by and by,
For there's nothing too good for the Irish.

Inboration

O God of Battles, in whose sight
The nations wield the civil sword,
Behold our need, and in Thy might
Sustain and strengthen us, O Lord!
Bid wars and tumults cease, we pray;
Give joy and gladness in our day.

Our cause is holy : we have sought
To strike the chains from hands and feet ;
The nations of a grosser thought
In hostile consultations meet ;
We ask no favor in the fight ;
We only pray, God speed the right !

Out of this chaos, dark and rude,
May a united nation rise,
Triumphant over feuds of blood,
And bound together by the ties
Of peace and hope, where progress rears
The fabric of the circling years.

The Return

Victorious from afar they come —
Their country's hope, the nation's shield,
The sons of Canada come home
From bivouac and battlefield.
And while the Empire's annals tell
Of Roberts and of Wellington,
The fame our heroes won so well
Shall still live on — shall still live on.
In solemn gloom the cypress waves
Her sombre boughs in memory

Of those who sleep in nameless graves —
A glorious band — beyond the sea.
But where they fell that tyranny
Might yield to right or banishment,
A nation's progress hence shall be
Their everlasting monument.

Thanksgiving

"We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to
be the Lord."

We thank Thee, Lord of earth and heaven,
For all the mercies Thou has given,
For power and strength to sword and shield,
For triumph on the foughten field.

Sometime the foe prevailed, and then
A tremor shook the hearts of men,
As if, in danger's troubled day,
Thy face in wrath had turned away.

But we behold Thy truth and grace
Vouchsafed to us in every place;
In council and in war, Thy might
Hath been our stay by day and night.

We offer fullest praise to Thee,
Who rulest over land and sea,
For victory in battle gained,
For wrong reprov'd, for right maintained.

And ever as the ages run
Beneath the circuit of the sun,
Be thanks returned, from coast to coast,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Sacred Melodies

Jehovah-jireh

Upon the mount Jehovah chose,
Where Abraham should slay his son,
In after days a Temple rose
Of gold, and gems, and precious stone, —
A glorious House, where once again
Truth, Honor, Virtue paid the price
Of Fortitude, and taught us men
True manhood stands in sacrifice.

And we as builders, taught to found
The edifice of character,
Do build on sacrificial ground,
And day by day the fabric rear,
Which grows unto a holy fane,
A temple of divine abode,
Wherein is manifest again
The cloud-girt radiancy of God.

Psalm XXXIII

The Lord my Shepherd is, and He
'Gainst every want sustaineth me;
He causeth me, when sore oppressed,
In pastures green to take my rest.

Beside still waters He doth guide,
And for my soul He doth provide;
For His Name's sake I onward press,
Still led in paths of righteousness.

Yea, though I walk in death's cold chill
Through shadows, I will fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff shall comfort me, O God.

Thou spread'st a table with supplies
In presence of mine enemies —
Upon my head the oil dost pour,
And still my cup is running o'er.

Oh, surely goodness ceaselessly
And mercy still shall follow me,
And to Thy house I shall repair,
And dwell secure for ever there.

A Prayer

WRITTEN DURING THE COAL FAMINE OF 1902-3

O God of Israel, hear,
Who in the days of old,
Oft taught Thy chosen race to fear
Thy judgments manifold.

Behold our great distress,
The cold, and want, and woe;
And help us, Lord of righteousness,
And kindly mercy show.

We are a rebel race,
Who to ourselves would live;
But Thou art full of love and grace,
Delighting to forgive.

Whence we have gone astray,
Recall us in Thy love;
Where we have erred, let mercy stay
The wrath which would reprove.

Oh! mitigate the woe
Which rests upon the land,
Temper the wintry winds which blow
Alone at Thy command.

And to Thy holy Name
May all our thanks be given,
Till we Thy praises shall acclaim
With the redeemed in heaven.

Spiritual Indifference

How lifeless seems the Church today
In love, in warmth, in fellowship ;
The prayers we breathe, the creeds we say,
Seem efforts only of the lip ;
The Apostolic glow is gone,
The aurora of the early dawn.

And though the love be manifest,
Which clothes the naked, feeds the poor ;
And all the sons of want are blest,
As mercy speeds from door to door ;
The love, which much to man has given,
Is cold in thoughts of God and heaven.

The Church's life, the Spirit's fire
Is wan and cheerless, as today
We struggle heavenward, and aspire
In prayers we breathe, in creeds we say ;
Bewailing what we feel is lost,
We wait another Pentecost.

The Anointing of the King

It had been reported that unction would be
dispensed with at the Coronation of Edward VII.

What! shall not holy oil be poured
Upon our gracious King?
And shall the unction of the Lord
Be deemed a paltry thing?

And shall the page of history
The solemn truth record
That he was not raised up to be
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

No doubt man's wisdom makes it plain,
In this great age of light,
That without God a King may reign,
And princes rule aright.

But He who sits enthroned on high
Shall laugh at the design
Of puny man to break the tie
'Twixt human and Divine.

God, save the King from every power
Which would Thy presence shun,
And day by day and hour by hour
Still let Thy will be done.

For Thee I Pray

For thee I pray whene'er I kneel
Before th' Eternal Throne,
While every word and wish appeal
For good to thee alone.

And when I to the altar go,
And make oblations there,
The Sacrifice I plead, and know
That God will answer prayer.

Oh, wanderer in a dreary land,
Where barren scenes abound,
Remember, heaven is still at hand,
And there is hallowed ground.

Beyond the vale of time behold
The brightness which appears,
Where streets are paved with shining gold,
And there are no more tears.

Oh, loved by me beyond what words
Or sighs have e'er expressed,
Thine are life's ills till Heaven affords
To my beloved rest.

Lenten Hymn

Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile;
The sun sinks in the west,
The day is passed with all its varied toil;
'Tis time for rest.

Come ye from counting-house and busy mart,
From crowded street — arrest
The hurrying thoughts which agitate the heart;
'Tis time for rest.

Come at God's bidding from the long, long toil
For that which is not best,
And seek in humble trust a Father's smile,
And calmly rest.

Advent

The morning light is breaking
Through all the eastern sky,
And glorious beams are flashing
In radiancy on high;
The clouds in rolling masses
Are fringed with seven-fold light,
And deepening in their splendor
As day succeeds the night.

Already angel cohorts
Are standing in array,
And waiting for the signal
To rise and speed away;
And soon th' archangel's trumpet
With thrilling blast shall sound
Throughout death's dark dominions,
And wake from sleep profound.

And while the saints are waking
And mounting up on high,
May we in that blest concourse
Speed upward through the sky;
And upward, ever upward,
At God's commanding word,
We shall ascend in triumph,
To meet the coming Lord.

The World's Christmas

Along the crowded, busy street
The windows glitter with display
Of tempting wares, and busy feet
Are hurrying onward day by day;
The Christmas cheer is in the air,
And Christmas-tide is everywhere.

The greedy world is all elate
To barter merchandise for gold;
And merchant prince and huckster prate
Of wondrous bargains manifold, —
When Christmas cheer is in the air,
And Christmas-tide is everywhere.

But Christ, whose Name the season bears,
Sees His own house deserted quite, —
But half-adorned for praise and prayer,
While all the busy world is bright,
And Christmas cheer is in the air,
And Christmas-tide is everywhere.

That Name is scrawled on merchandise;
His holy season, bought with blood
Of saints, is time to advertise
The wares of Mammon and his brood;
Though Christmas cheer is in the air,
The Christ is bartered everywhere.

Christmas

"Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given."

Wake, happy morn, whose story brings
A joyous thrill to young and old;
While speeding near, on hovering wings,
The angels sweep their harps of gold;
And earth and sky
In numbers vie,
Rehearsing how upon this morn,
Long years ago,
'Mid sin and woe,
That unto us a Child was born.

And ever, as the years go by,
The glorious chant is sung again,
By angel choristers on high,
Of peace on earth, good will to men;
And as the song
Floats far along
Where toil the weary and the worn,
The message comes
To hearts and homes,
That unto us a Child is born.

Hail, glorious morn, whose advent brings
Hope for the sinful and defiled!
Hail, blessed morn, the King of Kings
Comes to the world a little Child!
And singing still
Peace and good will,
The angels come this happy morn,
To tell again
To sons of men,
That unto us a Child is born.

The Redemption

'Tis night, and over all the darkling sky
Sweep ebon clouds, with here and there a flash
Of distant lightning, serving but to show
The depth of gloom which covers land and sea :
And in the gloom no sound is heard : the bird
Of night has hushed her notes, and, motionless,
Perches alone upon a lofty bough,
And mopes in silence quiet as the grave.
The place is weird : great gnarled olive trees
Of ancient growth, beneath whose spreading
boughs,
Umbrageous, matted vines and flowers grow
wild,
Stand like so many hoary sentinels,
And cast a deeper gloom upon the scene.

A sudden waking — sound of steps is heard,
And voices whispering low, and groans and
sighs,
Which tell of desolation and despair ;
Then four forlorn sojourners to that place
Of mystic darkness wend their way, and One.
Some paces in advance, moves slowly on.
The three in sorrow sink upon the ground,
And sob themselves to sleep ; but He, whose
steps
Have brought Him to the place of deepest gloom,
In solitude kneels down, and, lifting hands
And eyes toward heaven, in desolation prays,
While from His upturned Brow the blood
streams down :
The life blood oozing out at every pore,
(Oh, wondrous, unexampled agony !)
Suffusing face and breast with crimson sweat.
He swoons ! He falls ! But, no ! Behold, a form

To Him appears, and, with a reverent touch,
Smooths from His brow the horrid marks of
blood;

While words of comfort and of courage breathe
Heroic fortitude into His soul,
And hope of everlasting victory.

Again 'tis darkness, and He is alone,
But for a space, and awful silence reigns;
Then suddenly, as when a driving wind
Brings clouds of locusts, which devour the corn,
Ten thousand thousand dismal shades sweep by,
On dusky wings upborne, and each pronounces
A hissing curse on Him who prays, and strive
To wrestle with Him, and destroy Him there.
But, looking upward to the murky sky,
He heeds not all their malice; He but thinks
Of victory and triumph over death.

He, rising, goes where His companions sleep,
And saith: "Could ye not watch with Me one
hour?"

And then returns and prays as at the first.
Yet once again He rises from the ground,
And goes to look upon the helpless ones,
Who sleep in sorrow. "Even so," saith He,
"Sleeps all this hapless world in sin and death;
And I alone can wake the dead to life,
As in the book 'tis written, lo! I come!"
Once more to His accustomed place of prayer
He takes His lonely way, and, kneeling down,
He prays the selfsame prayer He prayed before:
"Father, if it be possible, let pass
This bitter cup; but yet Thy will be done!"
A thrill, an ecstasy of power supreme
And infinite comes over Him; and forth
Alone in His omnipotence He goes,
To tread the winepress of Almighty God!

"Come," saith He to His sleeping comrades.

"Come,

He that betrayeth Me is close at hand."

And soon the flaring torches borne aloft

By hands unholy of a multitude

Approach in weird disorder, marshaled on

By one foredoomed and reprobate. They halt.

"Whom seek ye?" As from Sinai's brow, the
words

Vibrate upon the nightly air, and strike

Terror and consternation to the heart.

As if a bolt from heav'n in fury hurled

Had smitten all that multitude, they fall

Prostrate and stricken to the ground, amazed.

But He restrains His power omnipotent:

He wills not to destroy, but to retrieve.

And then draws nigh perdition's perjured slave,

And with a kiss — what seemed a loving kiss —

He designates the Victim, and is gone.

We follow with the rabble, and behold

The assembled council waiting to condemn

From perjured evidence the Anointed One.

And then to Pilate's judgment hall we go,

And hear the brutal judge, to pity moved,

Pleading for mercy. Then to Herod's court

We take our way, and note the travesty —

The purple robe, the kneeling, and the words

Of mockery; and back again we go

To Pilate's hall of judgment, and once more

We hear the pleading of the pitying judge:

"Behold your King!" A moment all is hushed,

And then, as if from hell, the loud acclaim:

"Release Barabbas! Crucify the Christ!"

They spit upon Him, smite Him on the face,

Clothe Him in scarlet, plate the crown of thorns,

And rudely press it on His Sacred Head;

A reed for sceptre in His hand they place,
Then in mock homage bow the impious knee!
And now they bind Him to the pillar's base,
While brawny arms are bared, and scourges
 raised,

And blow on blow successively comes down
In rapid strokes, which lacerate and tear,
As when the plow scores deep the virgin soil!
"To Golgotha!" the hoarse, rough shout is
 raised.

The Victim is unbound, and on Him laid
The ponderous timbers of the fatal Cross;
And thus the awful journey is begun,
With shouts, and oaths, and blasphemies. He
 falls,

Exhausted, faint, and bleeding, to the ground;
And for a moment all is still, when, moved
And urged by deep compassion, rushes one —
A sun-dyed stranger — from the rabble throng,
And takes the Cross, and bears it to the place
Of execution. Soon the soldiers' work
Is finished. The Messiah with His blood
Is cleansing now the fallen sons of men;
By merits bridging o'er the gulf profound,
Impassable before, which intervened
'Twixt earth and heaven; and blotting records
 out,

Which man in vain had oft essayed to do.

Slow pass the hours; heaven's burning eye is
 closed;

The moon withholds her light, and, as it were,
The curtains of deep midnight shut from sight
The work stupendous of redeeming Love.
Angels are gazing o'er the crystal walls
And battlements of heaven upon that scene,
Desiring more and more to understand

Justice divine and mercy reconciled.
" 'Tis done!" the Victim cries, and suddenly
A sevenfold radiance flashes from the Cross,
Which like a central sun, in noontide glow,
Grows bright and brighter to the perfect day,
Diffusing light and splendor far away
To earth's remotest bounds, in east and west.
Throughout the courts and palaces of heaven
Hosannas ring, and never until then
Were heard such glad acclaims; on flowery
meads
And golden streets the thronging myriads,
With harps and viols, raise the triumph song.
And fill the universe with harmony.
While angels hymn the praise of Him who died,
And thus brought life and immortality
To light by His evangel, He goes forth
In Spirit to proclaim in Paradise
The story of redemption; nor forgot
Are those who, when the flood of waters swept
O'er loftiest mountains, sank beneath the waves.
And died in ignorance; to them He goes,
And tells of vanquished death, and life reclaimed.

Oh, work stupendous, wondrous, infinite!
But One in all the universe could bring
So much to pass, nor fail in aught essayed!
And yet 'twas from humility there sprang
The power to will and do: 'twas as He prayed,
Prone on the earth, Omnipotence revived;
And from the place of prayer He rose to wage
The war of conquest to the gates of hell,
O'ercame the enemy of God and man,
And won again the lost inheritance.

Personal

To the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava

“CLANDEBOYE,
CO. DOWN, IRELAND,
19th Feb'y, 1901.

“My dear Mr. Newell:

Many, many thanks for your very kind letter. I have indeed been wading through very deep waters, and no more grateful alleviations have come to me in the midst of my many sorrows than those which I have received from my kind and faithful friends in Canada; but never have I been so deeply touched as by the tender regard embodied in your beautiful verses. They have gone straight to my heart, and my wife has been as much affected as myself.

Nothing could have been more grateful to my feelings than the tender and affectionate sympathy which they convey.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Newell,

Yours very sincerely,
DUFFERIN AND AVA.”

We mourn today our Empress-Queen,
Whose glorious sway o'er land and sea
Seems like a golden link between
The past and that which is to be.

And yet amid the Empire's grief
We turn, at mem'ry's kind behest,
To him whose star once ruled as chief
In our horizon of the West.

'Twas long ago when he and she —
Two names which proudly we recall —
Came to our West Land o'er the sea
To grace the courts of Rideau Hall.

But years since then have hastened on,
And blighted hopes of love's young dream;
And many a treasure since has gone,
Which time and age can ne'er redeem.

Oh! what a desolate domain
Has life's fair garden-ground become;
And few the roses that remain,
To tell of peace, and joy, and home!

Still love abides, and o'er the scene
Of desolation sheds a light,
Which consecrates whate'er has been,
And gilds the gathering clouds of night.

Friend of my Country, far away
We turn our gaze across the sea,
While hope and mem'ry, day by day,
Are still with thee — are still with thee!

To Mr. M. K. Richardson, M.P.

Could wishes rehabilitate
The honored name of Richardson,
And once more surely reinstate
The man who many a contest won;

How soon embarrassment would yield
To kind evangels of success;
And honest worth should take the field,
To win the guerdon of redress.

Yet hope on eagle pinions soars
O'er mount and moorland near and far,
And looks beyond the nameless shores
Where fortune waged a luckless war.

Courage! the conquests to be won
Shall so eclipse whate'er has been,
That friends and foes shall gaze upon
The struggle, which at length must win.

There is no failure but may prove
An upward step to him whose mind
Dreams of success, and dwells above
The common level of mankind.

He may appear to suffer loss,
And sometimes meet a cold world's frown ;
But often that which seems a cross
May be the shadow of a crown.

Look upward to the mountain height,
Whose snowclad pinnacles appear
Resplendent in the radiant light
Which changes not from year to year.

So manhood, true to Heaven's design,
Remains the same in bloom or blight,
While on its lofty summits shine
The sunbeams of eternal light.

Hail, Brethren of the Mystic Rite

Hail! brethren of the mystic rite,
With whom I companied in the past,
Once more comes round the festal night,
When care unto the winds is cast;
And brethren meet around the board
Where Friendship's loving-cup is quaffed,
To celebrate with one accord
An ancient landmark of the Craft.

While far away from you tonight,
I muse o'er happy times gone by;
For years in their successive flight
Can never darken mem'ry's eye.
The past has vanished like a flood
Whose torrent rushes down the hill;
But tokens of true brotherhood
Are with me — thrill me — cheer me still.

Some, who were with us in the past,
Shall meet with us, alas! no more.
Their star at length was overcast,
To shine upon a brighter shore.
And younger feet the burdens bear,
Which agèd feet had borne so long;
And younger hands the labors share —
May they be trusty, true, and strong!

May Heaven's All-Seeing Eye behold
No wandering from the sphere of right;
But whatsoever may unfold,
Let there be light — let there be light!
Farewell! while ye together meet,
As ancient custom would commend,
Within the sacred safe retreat,
Remember then an absent friend.

Mizpah

The Lord between us watch while we
Are absent from each other,
That thou a sister be to me,
And I to thee a brother ;
Whatever paths our feet may tread,
Whatever blessings cheer me,
Oh! may I feel that thou art led
In spirit ever near me.

The Lord between us watch by day,
When cares our hours encumber ;
And when the daybeams fade away,
And earth is wrapped in slumber,
The Lord between us watch, until
Another day is breaking,
And soul and sense shall feel the thrill
Of newer life awaking.

The Lord between us watch through life
In all our joy and sorrow ;
Whate'er our lot be, peace or strife,
There comes a glad tomorrow ;
It comes — it comes, while sevenfold light,
The earth and heav'n adorning,
Shall burst upon the ravished sight,
When breaks th' eternal morning.

Parting

Do you remember how we stood
The night we said good-bye,
As hand in hand, a tearful band,
Our parting song swelled high?
We looked like those who met to part,
Your hand the while in mine;
And while we felt the grief at heart,
We sang of Auld Lang Syne.

Full many sang with us that night
Who ne'er shall meet as then
To sing the song with heart and tongue
When partings come again;
And two were there who felt the most
The throb in every line
Of that old song, and learnt the cost
Of singing Auld Lang Syne.

The night is long since passed, and yet
The mem'ry is the same;
Time cannot teach us to forget
The thrill which o'er us came;
And till the last our hearts shall turn
To that sad day's decline,
When hand in hand, a tearful band,
We sang of Auld Lang Syne.

To Arthur

Dear Arthur, 'tis thy natal day,
When like a sunbeam on our way
Thou camest where the shadows lay,
 And summer suns were shining;
And for a while the brightness beamed
Before us, and around us gleamed
A fairyland, and fancy dreamed,
 With young hope intertwining.

How proudly expectation caught
The thrill of life's supremest thought,
And from the mountain summit brought
 The tints which deck the morning;
And all the valley shone with light,
As upland slope and rugged height
Were bathed in splendors pure and bright,
 Enriched with love's adorning.

But, ah! too soon the flush was gone,
And where our laggard feet went on,
The light of life grew pale and wan,
 Like twilight o'er the meadows;
And then we knew the pathway led
Where never this world's light was shed,
And thou, dear child, alone must tread
 The valley of the shadows!

But never comes thy natal day
Without remembrance of the ray
Of glorious sunshine, passed away,
 Like flash of summer lightning;
And far beyond the western sky,
Where we shall journey by and by,
The everlasting landscapes lie,
 Still nearer seen, and bright'ning.

Yes, nearer seen in bright'ning glow,
The vistas open as we go
In quest of what we lost below,
When mists were round us clinging;
And soon our eyes shall gaze on thee,
Where those upon the glassy sea —
Th' innumerable company —
The triumph-song are singing!

To My Boy

My boy, thou'rt very dear to me,
But thou canst neither know nor see
What changeless love to thee I give,
Nor how for thee I long to live,
To watch thine infant years, and joy
To see thy mind expand, my boy.

Thy brother had as fair a brow —
Was bright with intellect as thou;
But by the wayside where he trod,
His spirit passed from earth to God,
And I could only murmur — Why?
And weep in sorrow o'er my boy.

Forever closed his sparkling eyes,
At rest beneath the sod he lies,
Where roses bloom, and shadowing trees
Sigh requiems in the passing breeze;
And love, and light, and hope, and joy,
Seemed lost forever with my boy.

But thou art with me, as today
With thy sweet innocence I play,
And see thy face all wreathed in smiles
Like waves of light o'er sun-kissed isles;

And not a pleasure seems to cloy
Thine innocent delight, my boy.

I think of days which are to be,
And what those days shall bring to thee
Of joy or grief, of weal or woe,
As varying seasons come and go,
And varying cares thy life employ,
When thou art older grown, my boy.

Those dimpling hands, so helpless now,
May wield the pen, or guide the plow;
Those tiny feet — where shall they tread,
When toil must win the daily bread?
Shall virtue guide, or vice decoy,
In days which are to come, my boy?

God grant that, whatsoe'er thy fate,
Thou may'st in honor's cause be great,
Prepared to stand by what is right,
Or die, if need be, in the fight.
Thus glad to live or proud to die,
So shalt thou triumph still, my boy.

To Miss Graham

Days ago a message came
Fraught with wishes in your name;
Wishes for which thanks are due
Gratefully, my friend, to you.
May your words of blessing be
Answered not alone on me,
But may Heaven in goodness shed
Equal blessings on your head.

Elegiac Poems

In Memory of the Marquis of Dufferin and Aba

" His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world — This was a Man."
— *Shakespeare*.

The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl
Is broken at the fount, the pitcher rent,
And as in other days the wheel no more
Draws up the precious, life-sustaining draught.
Back to the native dust again return
The cord, the bowl, the pitcher, and the wheel;
While that mysterious æon we call life,
Whose cunning skill and quick intelligence
Kept all in motion through the many years
Of great achievements, weary grown at last
In shaping oft an Empire's destiny,
Goes out upon th' eternal sea, which rolls
Its billows round the world; and finds repose
And solace in the Paradise of God.

We waive the years when he attendant stood
In the full light and splendor of the throne,
The brightest star in Britain's galaxy
Of noble manhood; so of other days
We put aside the record, when afar,
In many lands, he held within his grasp
The destinies of nations, and, supreme
O'er every adverse wave of circumstance,
Brought order out of chaos, and conserved
The Crown's prerogatives and freemen's rights.

Great were his aims and his achievements great.
Where'er he moved a magic atmosphere
Surrounded him; and those who would contend,

Subdued, 'as by some subtle alchemy,
Became his pupils, proud to rank as such.

But 'twas as Man and Citizen were seen
His greatness and his gentleness at best,
When robe and coronet were laid aside,
With all the pomp and circumstance of state.
Then wisdom spake, and wit electric flashed,
While dignity and merriment conjoined
To build the stately edifice of thought,
Which, like the Temple on Moriah's crest,
Was perfect in its parts, and beautiful —
No stone too many, and no stone too few.

Where stands his equal in true dignity
And suavity, which mark the Gentleman?
The world is poorer now that he is gone;
And vainly shall we look through high and low
For one who so combined the elements,
And taught us what God's image is in man.
But greatness is not proof against the blows
Of adverse fortune; and this man of men,
Whose heart was all aglow with sympathy
For ills of others, bowed at length beneath
The load of anguish, when the cold, still form
Of an heroic son from far came home —
A pale mute herald from the battlefield,
Whose message, though unspoken, told of death.

Half-mast the banners, toll the passing-bell,
A great soul now is rising into light
Beyond the confines of this darker world;
And there, where God shall wipe away all tears,
The weary soul shall find the welcome rest,
Until the kingdoms of this world become
The kingdoms of our God and of His Christ,
And with His saints triumphant He shall reign,
When time shall lose the record of the years.

To My Daughter Ethleen

I

At last the mournful day has come —
A sad November day —
When sunlight tints, in gathering gloom,
Begin to pass away;
And skies, all brightly flecked at morn,
Ere noontide hour to darkness turn.

As with the sunbeams and the skies,
When autumn days are come,
So earthly hope in darkness dies,
And sinks into the tomb,
Where all our little dreams at last
In blast and blight are overcast.

As it has been, so shall it be,
Henceforth, forevermore:
The dream shall reach maturity,
But, ere its thrill be o'er,
A blast may come, a blight may cast
A long deep shadow o'er the past.

It is a sad November day,
And in our lonely home
A solemn change has brought decay
To life's primeval bloom;
And withered on life's rugged shore,
Our blossom cheers us now no more.

Sweet memories of other days
Revive, as in a dream
The ever changing view displays
The shadow and the gleam,
Which gives the picture God's design,
And stamps it all in all divine.

Oh, could we look beyond the veil,
Where dwell the saints in light,
Such blissful vision should avail,
And charm our ravished sight;
And we might hear the minstrelsy
Of harpers on the crystal sea.

How foolish then would seem the tears
Of Rachel o'er the dead,
Who, in her agony and fears,
Would not be comforted;
One look beyond this misty sphere
Would glad the heart, and dry the tear.

But for a little while, good-bye,
My long-afflicted one;
Safe in the palace of the sky,
Beyond the radiant sun,
Thy brother welcomes thee today
Where hope can never fade away.

And there, where vales and mountains clad
In light for thine abode,
And by the river which makes glad
The City of our God,
Beyond all breadth, and depth, and height,
Exult in everlasting light!

II

'Tis the first flake of snow which has fall'n on
thy breast,
Since in sorrow we laid thee, our first-born, at
rest,
Where the storms of the winter shall never be
heard,
Nor at glad-coming springtide the song of the
bird.

As thou pillow'st thy head where thy brother has
slept

We are weeping for thee as for him we have
wept

For the snow seems a cov'ring too cold for thy
bed

With no roof but the sky reaching over thy head.

We were careful for thee while thy sojourn was
here,

We were thoughtful for thee, as the prospect
grew drear;

But now that dear form, which we fondly
caressed,

Is shelterless laid with the snow on thy breast.

Oh! sad desolation is brooding below,

Where the hopes we once cherished are buried
in snow;

And the winds of the winter sweep over thy bed,

Where in coldness and darkness thou pillow'st
thy head!

III

The Christmas-tide has come and gone,

(A time to her devoid of gloom,

Ev'n when her cheek grew pale and wan,

And youth denied to her its bloom.)

And many were the gifts she made

Against the coming Christmas-tide;

And, ah! when lowly she was laid,

We prized them for her sake who died.

To us the bright glad season came

With one dark shadow cast athwart

Our pathway, and we spoke her name

With bated breath and aching heart.

A hush had fall'n upon our home,
A silence all unknown till then;
And when we thought that she should come,
Alas! she could not come again!

The busy world goes on the same;
The places she frequented most
Scarce recognize her well-known name —
Her very memory seems lost.

'Tis only in the home where dwell
The ones who loved her through the years
That memory awakes to tell
The tale of suffering, death, and tears.

There, as the darkened days go by,
Her absence never is forgot:
The saddened heart, the frequent sigh
Are tokens of the loving thought.

Nothing but love survives, and hides
Her little faults, whate'er they were;
It wanes not, fails not, still abides,
And sanctifies each thought of her.

IV

Come, genial Spring, and speak to me
Of Nature waking from the tomb;
And in thy coming I shall see
A hope of better things to come.

The winter of our discontent
Is merging in the fuller light
And radiance of the firmament,
Beyond the confines of the night.

Soon shall the twilight, in whose gloom
We see in part and know in part,

The brightness of the day assume,
When storms shall cease and clouds depart.

Then shall th' eternal spring-tide break
From time's long winter, to renew
The waste of ages, and awake
To life and light the flowers that grew

In pensive beauty where we trod
The pathway with uneven pace;
And Nature, looking up to God,
Shall catch th' effulgence of His face!

V

Oh! sacred mound bedewed with tears,
And hallowed by a changeless love,
Which lives as when in by-gone years
All, all was bright below, above,

We come with sorrow's wreaths to place
Our tribute of affection here,
Where hope awhile forbears to trace
The issue of its high career.

And yet, despite our falling tears,
An expectation, redolent
Of Paradise, o'erleaps the years
Between us and that one Event,

Which comes upon the wheels of time
Still nearer, as the days go by;
And looking to the heights sublime,
We seem to hear the midnight cry:

"The Bridegroom cometh!" Suddenly
Faith hears the heavenly heralds sing:
"Oh, grave! where is thy victory?
Oh, death! oh, death! where is thy sting?"

To My Son Arthur

Not dead — not dead, my child, but gone

A little while to rest,
Until the breaking of the dawn,
To be a welcome guest
With those who have the battle fought,
And won the victory they sought.

I wept when last I saw thy face,
And knew I should no more
Behold thee, till, in God's rich grace,
Upon the farther shore,
I should thy dazzling presence see,
And joy in Paradise with thee!

And now, my son, thy sister goes
To thine abode of peace;
I see her drooping like the rose,
And waiting for release, —
And, oh! my heart — it breaks — it breaks,
For all that Heav'n recalls and takes!

But patience — patience! earthly loss
Must never shake the trust
Of any soldier of the Cross,
Who owns that God is just:
My blossoms, now despoiled, shall bloom
In fadeless light beyond the tomb.

And I a little while shall stay,
Where waves and storms are rife,
Until I too am called away
To that unchanging life,
To meet in joy, and peace, and rest
The stainless spirits of the blest.

And there upon the heights sublime,
Where man has never trod,

Where never more the mists of time
Shall hide the face of God,
The ransomed of the Lord shall come,
And claim their everlasting home!

Franklin McLeay

THE ACTOR

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."
— *Shakespeare.*

He is gone, who but yesterday stood forth in
glory,

The pride of his calling, so hopeful and young,
The man who to thousands depicted the story
Of life as the sweet Swan of Avon had sung.

And where thousands of plaudits re-echoed his
praises,

When Cassius contrived or Iago cajoled,
In vain now the eye of the multitude gazes,
No more is he seen who aroused and controlled.

And Canada mourns with a heart of deep sadness

For him who was first in her annals of fame;
And the sweet song of love and the light note
of gladness
Are hushed at the sound of his magical name.

And afar in the home, where his sweet smile was
brightest,

The one who loved dearest is desolate there;
And while sadly she mourns him, the heart which
was lightest
Is heaviest now in its premature care.

He is gone, and forever — alas! and so youthful.
The man of all ages, and times, and degrees,
The lover and friend, who in all things was
truthful,

Whose sun set ere midday in turbulent seas.

But like Phoenix shall rise from his desolate
ashes

A long line of worthies to stand where he
stood;

And the fame which he won, as it dazzles and
flashes,

Shall glorify him who was noble and good!

Frederick Louis D'Orr LePan

Of high descent and gentle rearing, thou
Hast that in thee wherewith Heaven doth endow
But few, and those the favorites, from whom
Perpetual sunshine chases all the gloom,
And makes unclouded brightness all the day,
And gladness reigns, and shadows flee away.

Old in thy wisdom, but in manner young,
Skilled in the graces of a guarded tongue;
Firm to withstand, and fearless to assail
The bland temptations which in youth prevail:
Frankness and gentleness in thee were joined,
To give direction to thy generous mind.
Such was thy character, that age deferred
And youth respected, whilst thyself deterred
All consciousness of each superior grace,
Which warmed the heart, and lightened o'er the
face.

In vain we search among the young and old
For one like thee of virtues manifold;
And as upon the mound which haps thy head
The tears of love and deep regret are shed;
And sorrow clings to mem'ry's greenest spot,
Which never shall be in the years forgot;
We summon back the thoughts of other days.
And stand like mournful statues in amaze,
Beholding, in the presence of thy tomb,
To what small compass all life's hopes have
come.

But human hearts, repine not, nor rebel;
The race was nobly run, and all is well.

Robert Dunn Biggar

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

When good men die, a void remains,
Which time repairs not in the years
Succeeding all the hopes and fears
The grave encloses and retains.

And hearts may break, and tears may fall,
The kindly faces smile no more
Upon us, as in days of yore,
When they to us were all in all.

The grave forever keeps in trust
The treasures of departed years:
The words alone ring in our ears
Of earth to earth and dust to dust!

And thou, whose name is hour by hour
A household word wherever known,
Wert God's own wheat divinely sown
In weakness to be raised in power.

True gentleman of motives high
And character of truth and grace,
Thou hadst thine own peculiar place,
Which no one else could occupy.

God lent thee to the world awhile,
To show what manhood may become;
And now has gently called thee home,
To meet thy children's welcome smile.

Oh happy, happy is thy sphere,
Beyond what we can dream or know;
While we must sojourn still below,
And daily mourn thine absence here.

But mem'ry calls to mind the years
Thy feet the path of duty trod;
And hope points upward unto God
Triumphant through the mist of tears.

**David Mills, K.C., LL.D., Justice of the
Supreme Court of Canada**

WRITTEN BY REQUEST

When the young Nation took her destined place,
And set herself to run the strenuous race
Of nationhood, not heeding leer or frown
From terraced seats, whence many eyes looked
down

Of old competitors, whose strength oft tried
In that arena won, where others died,
She saw her few proud children — heard their
cheer,

Which urged her onward in her high career
To reach the goal, and, for herself and them,
To win the laurel and the diadem.
And one whose cheer rose clearest, hope-inspired,
She heard and heeded, as the long race tired
Her inexperience, and new vigor came
In every adverse time at his acclaim;
She heard and heeded his acclaim, nor stood
Inactive, till the crown of nationhood
Upon her brow was set, and she stepped forth
In queenly grace the Mistress of the North.

Years sped and he, upon life's varied stage —
The Statesman, Jurist, Poet, Scholar, Sage —
In labors oft, and in achievements great
For God and man, beheld the proud estate
To which the Nation had attained; and grew
A part of all things, whether old or new.

Fame, honor, gratitude he won, and gained
The lofty height by honesty unstained;
And with th' illustrious Roman* in accord,
He taught that virtue is her own reward.
But at the zenith of distinction came
Th' inexorable summons, in the name
Of pallid death, which opens wide the door
Of princely halls and hovels of the poor;†
And this illustrious servant of the State,
Whose aims were noble, whose achievements
great,

Went out upon th' interminable sea,
Whose billows round the world roll ceaselessly.
Went out and outward bound, he ne'er returned.
Though in his lonely home the love-light burned;
And leaving with his friends a hallowed name,
And with his country, honor, faith, and fame,
He sought and found the Islands of the Blest.
Where weary ones find everlasting rest;
And there exults beside the jasper sea,
And knows the bliss of immortality.

Lament, my country, for an honored son,
And yet rejoice o'er him whose race is run
And nobly ended; his is the reward
Of thy full approbation and regard.
For thee he bore the statesman's heavy load,
For thee he journeyed far upon the road
Of truth and duty, and in honor sleeps,
While gratitude unending vigil keeps.

* Cicero. † Horace.

The Marquis of Salisbury

He sleeps, the Empire's faithful guardian sleeps,
Where, after fifty years of arduous toil,
The burden of responsibility
Forever is laid down, and rest comes late,
But sure and welcome in the quiet grave.
We do remember him in other days,
When Britain and the world his guidance had,
How faithfully and sleeplessly he watched
Upon the bridge, when plunged the ship of state
Down the precipitous and treacherous waves
Which threatened ruin — watched as slowly
 crept
The tardy hours, — and never uttered plaint;
But like the noble Briton that he was,
He gave himself and all he had, to do
The work of duty fearlessly and bold
And out of chaos ever brought again
Security and order to the State.
Let Britains mourn — let King and subject bow
In attitude of sorrow for the Dead,
Who being dead, yet speaketh from the dust.
O England, honor him who was thy stay
In other days when dangers compassed thee.
Give him the triple honors, give him place
With sage and hero; and in aftertimes,
When children's children ask what means this
 mound,
Say, Once there lived a Man, — and here he lies.

Longfellow

The Star, whose modest ray in fulness shone
Upon the Western world, at last is set,
And on th' horizon's cloudy parapet
Streamers of glory play, as when the sun
In evening's splendor pours his beams upon
Some ancient dome, whose lofty minaret,
Bathed in th' ethereal ray, is glorious yet,
Though day has died, and darkness hastens on.

On either shore of ocean sighs are breathed,
And sorrow wakes, as though a cherished
friend,
In life's rough strife had fallen in the van ;
But, lo ! his ashes to the dust bequeathed,
Yet unborn millions o'er his tomb shall bend,
And mark where sleeps the Poet and the
Man !

1882.

To a Gifted Poet

WHO DIED TRAGICALLY

O soul so sensitive! O life serene!
O brilliant talents merged in death's eclipse!
Between the quick and dead now intervene
The shadows, waiting life's apocalypse.

'Tis not for us, who heard his perfect lays,
And oft were gladdened by his one cheer more,
To speak in judgment, and an act dispraise,
Which One shall judge, who all our frailties
bore.

Yet we can mourn, as now indeed we do,
The loss of one true singer from earth's choir;
For in the music of the gifted few
The tones are silent which we do desire.

Ah! silent is the cadence and the swell
Of sweetest notes, which mem'ry loves the
best:
Grant him, O Lord, the light perpetual,
And mercy fold him in eternal rest!

Miss Edith Richardson

She is not dead, whom we today
Consigned to mother earth;
Her happy spirit sped away,
When the decree went forth,
That she should join the happy throng,
Who on Mount Zion swell the song
To Him whose praise attunes each tongue
In strains of noblest worth.

She lives the higher, fuller life
Where all her varied powers
Of soul and mind, in action rife,
Extol her God and ours;
From all infirmity set free,
In glorious immortality,
She lives in spotless purity
'Mid never-fading flowers.

What she on earth had hoped to be,
What she had longed to do —
But hampered by infirmity,
She failed the long years through —
That she shall do, that she shall be,
Since death, the last dread enemy,
Is swallowed up in victory,
And all things now are new.

She lives the life triumphant now
In that celestial sphere,
Where God Himself from every brow
Shall wipe away the tear,
Until the Easter morning break,
When dust and ashes shall awake,
And soul and body shall partake
The bliss beyond compare.

Poems Chiefly Lyrical

The Shamrock

In the garden of life there are daisies and pansies,
And roses and lilies, all fragrant and fair ;
And Love wanders thither, elated with fancies,
To find what is brightest and loveliest there.

In a nook all secluded,
Where shadows long brooded,
And scarcely the sunbeams till eventide fall,
He finds there uprearing
The Shamrock of Erin,
The dearest of flowerets, and brightest of all.

Oh, the green little Shamrock, so timidly growing,
Apart from the flow'rs more resplendent in hue,
A spell o'er the garden is silently throwing,
And Love pauses there in the shadows and dew.

In that nook unfrequented,
By roses unscented,
Where sunbeams and shadows alternately fall,
He finds there uprearing
The Shamrock of Erin,
The dearest of flowerets, and brightest of all.

As Clings the Tree

As clings the tree to the mountain side,
When autumn winds sweep the foliage down,
So clings my heart to the one who died
A living death in the sad old town.

The kisses she gave and the words she spoke
Are never forgotten from day to day;
And the love of all loves, which then awoke,
Shall live till the heavens shall pass away.

Oh, that wondrous love which then awoke
O'erwhelms me still in its surging tide;
And the kisses she gave and the words she spoke
Bring dreams of heav'n, since my darling died!

O! Thou to Whom My Wishes Flow

O! thou to whom my wishes flow,
As flows the river to the sea,
Whate'er I am, where'er I go,
Thy love, of all things else below,
Is life's most precious gift to me!

Oh! turn again thy face to me,
And let me press that lip once more;
I still am thine, I still can see
The evidence of love in thee,
And I — yes, I can still adore.

Within my arms the world I hold,
And heaven can give no greater joy;
Life, with its blessings manifold,
Grows young again, though time is old,
And love exchanges sigh for sigh.

Life — life were nothing 'reft of thee ;
To live I must thy love possess,
And then the world shall be to me
A Paradise, and I shall be
The object of thy dear caress.

And so our blended lives shall grow
In blissful bonds divinely free ;
And I the bliss of bliss shall know,
And every wish to thee shall flow,
As flows the river to the sea !

Like a Dream of the Night

Like a dream of the night, when the lilac in bloom
Sheds its perfume abroad on the air,
Her sweet presence comes in the shadows and
gloom,
To turn me from sorrow and care ;
And she seems to be with me in kindness and love,
Like an angel to guard me from ill ;
Oh, sweet is the thought, that at every remove
Her spirit is true to me still !

And still may that presence be ever my stay,
Wherever my fortune is cast ;
'Twill arm me for conflicts, by night and by day,
Till life's final conflict is past ;
And then in the light of the land of the blest
We shall meet in that glorified throng,
Where the sad shall rejoice, and the weary shall
rest,
And love be the theme of each song.

If We Should Meet

If we should meet without design,
Brought face to face some future day,
As formerly, when you were mine,
What would we say?

If I could feel your trusting hand
Clasp mine again the same old way,
As when we seemed to understand,
What would you say?

And standing thus in attitude
Of friends who long had bid adieu,
Restored again to friendly mood,
What would I do?

Oh! I should clasp you to my breast,
And tell once more my love to you;
And that is what, I do protest,
I'd say and do!

Oh, Who That has Known

Oh, who that has known the ecstatic emotion
Which comes when our lips to another's are
pressed,
Would sigh for more pleasure, on land or on
ocean,
In the north, in the south, in the east, or the
west?
Give me back, give me back the embraces and
kisses,
Which thrilled me with bliss but a twelvemonth
ago;
And I'll ask for no more in a world such as this is.
Where true love and woman are all I would
know.

To my breast as I clasped her and kissed her at
parting,
Our souls were commingled, our hearts were
made one;
And anguish, though keen, became softened; for
darting
Through dark clouds came hope like a beam of
the sun.
And though sad be my lot, let me hope for such
kisses
As thrilled me with bliss but a twelvemonth
ago;
And I'll ask for no more in a world such as this
is,
Where true love and woman are all I would
know.

What Sunshine!

What sunshine — what sunshine she brought to
my life,
When clouds were grown dark, and the winds
were at strife;
Her sweet benedictions came down on me then,
Like the breathing of angels to cheer me again.

And day after day, as the months sped along,
My heart danced with joy, and my voice waked
in song;
Her goodness, her gentleness soothed me to rest,
And I sank to repose like a child on the breast.

How kind was her presence whenever we met;
'Twas a foretaste of heav'n which I cannot for-
get —
Oh! her sweet benedictions came down on me
then,
Like the breathing of angels to cheer me again.

The Snow has Come Again

The snow has come again, and winter reigns;
O'er forest, field, and flood,
The pallid whiteness covers hill and plains
In death's similitude.

Months twenty-four have passed since you and I
Were driven like the snow
By passion's whirlwinds here and there on high,
To find a vale below.

But spring is coming, though so far away
The bright glad sun appears,

And zephyrs over hill and dale shall play
The cadence of the years.

Courage, dear heart, and pile the smouldering
hearth

With fuel 'gainst the cold,
Until the snows have melted, and the earth
Shall blossom as of old.

❶ **Loved and Adored**

O loved and adored beyond all things below,
O hoped for and longed for in weal and in woe ;
At morning, and noonday, and evening I turn
To the place where my life's star continues to
burn.

The clouds may come forth, and the storms may
prevail,

But the tremulous light of my star shall not fail :
It leads me, it guides me, it cheers me, when life
Is darkest, and storm-winds and clouds are at
strife.

Were it not for that brightness, the desert were
drear ;

Were it not for that guidance, no path should ap-
pear ;

But onward I journey, all doubtfulness past,
For I know that the light shall be mine to the last.

I Roamed Along a Dreary Way

I roamed along a dreary way,
With here and there a flower;
And weary life's beclouded day
Grew darker hour by hour.
Then the few stars, which shone awhile
Like beacons on some rocky isle,
Looked coldly on a cold world's smile —
My only wealth and dower.

But suddenly the sky grew bright,
The shadows passed away.
A star, upon the verge of night,
Shone to the perfect day;
I waked as from a troubled dream,
And marked the pure, unchanging beam,
Which calmly sank in life's deep stream,
And blended with its spray.

Oh, still that star is seen above
Where other stars had shone —
The worshiped idol of my love,
And all the rest are gone.
It guides me with its tender light
Beyond the confines of the night
To love's own empyrean height,
Where darkness is unknown.

Pardon, My Love, an Erring One

Pardon, my love, an erring one,
Whose troubled heart, to madness driven,
Now sinks in woe, then dwells upon
Despair and anguish, and alone
In desolation pleads with Heaven.

Thou who hast blest with love and peace
My lonely life, rebuke me not ;
Oh ! let the words of censure cease,
And give my troubled soul release
From all this vain, corroding thought.

Thou canst, and thou alone canst cheer,
And thou alone canst soothe my pain ;
O love ! it doth not yet appear
What it will be to have thee near,
And never, never part again.

Far Away

When the twilight dewes are falling
Softly o'er the spreading lea,
And the horns of elfland, calling,
Wake their woodland melody,
Hopeful, and yet half forsaken,
Thus I sit at close of day,
While the echoes that awaken
Seem to tell thou'rt far away.

Deeper fall the shadows o'er me,
Sadder sighs the evening breeze ;
Hopes and fancies flit before me,
Rousing distant memories ;
While the echoes, rising, falling —
Dirges of the dying day —
Seem to be thine accents calling,
Softly, sadly, far away.

Waiting

I am waiting, only waiting,
Till the darker hours are gone,
While impatience, unabating,
Spurs the slow hours creeping on.
I am musing, only musing,
O'er the days that are to be,
And with anxious eye perusing
Life's sad pages turned by me.

I am clinging, only clinging
To the hope for other days,
When the muse shall wake in singing
To rehearse the nobler lays.
I am sighing, only sighing,
To the night winds as they creep
O'er the living and the dying,
When the world is hushed in sleep.

Song

To love and to be loved is more
Than all the other bliss in store
For us in this dark world and wide ;
And those caresses in the night,
When kisses melt and eyes grow bright
Take note of neither time nor tide.

There is a witchery in love,
When all the host of heaven above
Is marshaled forth in bright array ;
Then Anna answers my caress,
And in a long deep kiss I press
The lips which coyly mocked by day.

Come Back From the Mistland

Come back from the mistland, inspire me again
With the brightness which follows the clouds and
the rain ;

Let the azure and gold in effulgence return,
And the glory appear which should brighten the
morn.

There's a hue on the mountain dispelling the
night,

There's a shade in the valley absorbing the light,
There's a cloud which is bright'ning in splendor,
and high

Is the rainbow of hope which is spanning the sky.

Come back to me, then, in the azure and gold
Of the morning of life, when the blossoms unfold ;
And the mountain shall gleam, and the valley shall
glow,

And the cloud shall be bright o'er the shadows
below.

My Shamrock

In the garden of life, where the beams fell in
 brightness,
My Shamrock was sweetest of all that was
 there;
And my breast swelled with pride and my heart
 danced in lightness,
To see Erin's Shamrock resplendent and fair :
 And the bright flower adorning
 The garden, as morning
Expanded each leaf while the zephyrs went by,
 And I pressed the sweet blossom
 In love to my bosom,
And cared for naught else that was fair to the eye.

But a blast from the desert swept ruthlessly over
 The flow'r of my hope and the pride of my
 breast;
And the storm-cloud rolled on in its darkness to
 cover
The garden of life where my floweret I pressed ;
 And my Shamrock — that morning
 The garden adorning —
Lies prostrate in dust as the zephyrs go by ;
 And no more to my bosom
 I press the sweet blossom,
Which droops in the garden to wither and die.

Ballad

Oh that the day might be restored when first I
saw thy face;
Though deep, dark shadows round us clung, a
brightness seemed to chase
The melting gloom, and as I felt the softening
flame of love
Burn in my soul, thou seemedst then to sanction
and approve.

Ah! lovers' dreams are only dreams; not yet the
perfect day
Has gilded life's sublimest heights, nor lit the
lowly way;
Not yet, alas! not yet the eye is blest with perfect
sight,
And what may seem the brightest star may be a
meteor's light.

'Tis well, for 'twas too bright with hope, that first
and tender dream,
'Twas far too pure for earthly love which hopes
to win esteem;
Now many-tinted hues float o'er life's varied
page, and then
I read the book of life, which tells such dreams
come not again.

Miscellaneous Poems

Major-General Sir Hector Macdonald

A man of a dauntless spirit, a hero of deathless fame,
Who rejoiced in the day of battle in the pride of
the British name;
Yet, dreading the tongue of slander and the vulgar sting of spite,
He fell in a frenzied moment, and is cold in his grave tonight.

From lowly life uprising to a glorious height, he stood
In his panoply of honor 'mid envy's crawling brood;
He had braved the death-winged tempest on many a well-fought field,
To fall at last by the weapon which only himself dare wield.

'Twas madness, you say? Ay! madness, which only the true man feels,
When over his glorious record a wave of oblivion steals,
And drowns for a moment the mem'ry of immortal deeds, whose fame
Resounded o'er land and ocean, linked with his honored name.

O Britain, thy sons are many, but thy heroes are the few,
And the valiant and the fearless have still a work to do;
There are foes to be met and vanquished, there are fights to be fought and won,
But tonight the grave encloses the form of thy bravest son!

Had the shield of a kind protection been accorded
to thy son
In the day when the tongue of slander the ear of
attention won,
He had shamed the crawling reptiles, that could
only hiss and bite,
And Scotland should not be weeping o'er his
lonely grave tonight.

But thy great ones stood unheeding, or aided the
tragic play,
And the hand which could have succored was
waving him away.
In all thy boasted greatness, how cold was thy
love for him,
Who never had let thy glory nor thy star of hope
grow dim.

Alas for the fate of heroes who unselfishly pursue
The path of manly duty — with no other aim in
view!
Macdonald thus fought ever for Britain, and
truth, and right —
And a hero's hopes lie withered in Macdonald's
grave tonight.

Eventide

How peaceful is the eventide,
When all the hurry of the day,
And pain and labor, thrust aside,
In softening visions fade away.

Then far removed from haunts of care,
Far from the busy, restless throng,
Ev'n like a bird upon the air,
The mind pursues its way along.

Here castles rise on hallowed ground,
There mystic kingdoms come to view ;
And merry laughter rings around
The halls which fancy wanders through.

Forms there appear, not all unknown,
And answering eyes flash back the light,
Which guides our bounding footsteps on
Beyond the confines of the night.

Again, commingling with the past,
We feel the love of long ago,
Whose golden sunbeams seem to cast
A brightness over all below.

And I have wandered thus afar
O'er many scenes of fantasy,
And felt, beneath my guiding star,
That life was joyous, full, and free.

Oh! ever thus at eventide
Let cares be numbered with the day ;
While pain and labor, thrust aside,
In softening visions fade away.

Unappreciated

The autumn tints are burnishing
The myriad forest trees;
The garden flow'rs no longer fling
Their fragrance on the breeze;
The pomp and splendor of the year
Are changing to decay;
For summer suns no longer cheer
The garniture of day.

Alas! we value not the hues
Which deck the woodland wide;
Nor heed the flow'rs, whose bloom profuse
Glows bright on every side,
Until the changing season brings
Destruction in its breath,
And all of beauty's garnishings
Go down to dusty death.

And so of those who, side by side,
Toil with us day by day,
Whose willing hearts have been employed
To help us on our way:
Not till the kindly hands are gone
Do we their worth approve,
And own how nobly they have done
The proffered work of love.

The Church in the West

Written by request for *The Church Record*, the official organ of the Diocese of Minnesota.

Where savage and beast in the wilderness wandered,

From ages primeval unnumbered by years,
Where chaos and darkness had planted their standard,

And hope gave no ray, and affection no tears,
There is gentleness now, and to fierceness cessation,

And order and light o'er the regions attest
The day-spring of promise, the newer creation,
From the patience and toil of the Church in the West.

And the wealth of the soil, of the mine, and the forest,

Unknown till the light of the Gospel had come,
Is manifest now, where oppression was sorest,
And progress, and plenty, and peace had no home;

And cities arise, as by magic created,
Trade, commerce, and enterprise, ever in quest
Of greater achievements, where patience long waited,

Show forth what has followed the Church in the West.

Shall opulence flourish, unaiding and callous

To that which is honest, and upright, and just?
Shall Mammon fare sumptuous in mansion and palace,

While Christ and His Church are prostrated in dust?

Let progress remember, and enterprise cherish
The Source of all good to a region so blest ;
It must still be abiding, it never can perish —
The record achieved by the Church in the West.

Papa, Come

Papa will come to his boy tonight,
Papa will come to his boy ;
For the dear voice calls, and the shadowy walls
Are telling that Dreamland is nigh.
Borne like an angel voice to me
In the early twilight gloom,
I hear from my boy the witching cry :
“ Papa, come ! ”

Musing, I think what a void would be
In my heart and home tonight
If my boy were gone, and I alone
Should sit in the waning light ;
I dare not picture what life would be,
What shadows should darken home,
Could I hear no more the soft voice implore :
“ Papa, come ! ”

Parental Love

What love is like a parent's for a child —
A fond, frail child that seems to comprehend
Our heart's anxiety, and would forefend
The dread forebodings of a hope despoiled?
There is no love so pure and undefiled,
So holy in its essence; and its trend
To one divinely constituted end
Is like a cheering stream through wood and wild.
How desolate is hearth and home at last,
When love's frail innocent is harassed sore
With torture and disease, and would implore
Our kindly offices, while love, aghast,
Stands helpless to relieve, and hopes and fears
Contend for mast'ry in a rain of tears.

The Baby of our Home

'Tis worth the labor and the toil,
Which day by day he makes,
To see our little tyrant smile,
When from his sleep he wakes.
A ray of sunshine is his look,
Where'er his eyes may roam
In quest of toy or picture book —
The baby of our home.

The wealth of Ormus or of Ind
Were but a pauper's fee
To purchase him, who never sinned
Against sweet charity.
Not kingly crown or diadem,
Since days of ancient Rome,
Would we accept for our bright gem —
The baby of our home.

It Might Have Been

It might have been! Oh! words of pain,
Which mem'ry muses o'er in vain, —
Words which regretfully recall
A dream of love — and that is all!
'Tis past — 'tis gone, forever gone,
And yet the mem'ry lingers on,
And darkens all the after years
With clouds of grief and rain of tears,
As when the autumn's golden light
Is merged in winter's blast and blight.
What might have been! What lasting bliss!
What hopes fulfilled! What happiness!
Had only Heav'n the way made plain
In days which cannot come again.
But vain is now the deep regret.
We dreamed, we hoped, we longed, we met,
But oh! too late — alas! too late,
When life had wooed another fate,
And won the good at which it aimed,
With heart rejecting what it claimed.
It might have been! Come, stolid life,
In all thy moods of hidden strife;
Come, thwarted love, intense and sad,
While all around is bright and glad;
Let earth's bereaved affections prove
The saddest thing is blighted love!
Draw down the curtain on the scene —
Alas! for life — it might have been!
It might have been! I thrill — I wake;
Another day begins to break,
Another day of deeper gloom
Than that which heralded the doom —
In shadows dark and prospects void —
Of him who loved, and her who died.
A mist arises from the lake —

A boding mist, a darkling cloud,
As on the beach the billows break
In fate-presaging tumult loud ;
And far away as eye can see,
The storm-cloud sweeping t'ward the lee
Obscures the waste of rolling waves,
Which tell of seamen's lonely graves !
Upon the prospect o'er the lake
A dismal light begins to break
And shape weird letters o'er the scene,
In words of doom — It might have been !

I turn to leave the cheerless sight,
And face the regions of the light,
Where high in heav'n the glorious sun
The zenith of his course has won.
The groves are vocal — hill and dale

Are radiant in the brightening glow ;
And creatures, who would weep and wail,

See nothing kindred in their woe.
The sky is clear, the world is glad,
And nature, in bright mantle clad,
Rejoices over land and sea,
And all things whisper — We are free.

But, hush ! a voice is heard in words
Attuned to no Æolian chords ;
And all the gorgeous pomp of day,
And all things joyous pass away !
Gloom shadows all the mystic land,
Deep darkness reigns on every hand,
As when the hurricane breaks forth
In sudden gloom upon the earth ;
And from the horrid darkness comes
A voice of words like funeral drums,
Which break in tumult on my ear,
And tell me what I would not hear —
A tale of joyless hope and trust,
Which sought felicity in dust,

Which built life's house upon the sand,
By rainbow arch of teardrops spanned.
Then in the gloom the words are heard,
In wails of woe at every word,
In wails of woe and plaints of sin —
It might have been! It might have been!

A Rehearsal

Four years ago today we met,
To part as lovers part,
And feel an undefined regret
Abiding in the heart,
Where passion, like a ruthless breeze,
Which shakes the blossoms from the trees,
Awakened with a start,
And shook and swayed us here and there,
As if we had been gossamer.

Since then we've known some stormy days,
And nights of deepest shade;
And we have trod through many a maze
Adown the darkened glade;
We've felt at times a vague regret
O'er what has been; and yet — and yet
We would not have it fade —
The mem'ry of that dream of bliss,
Ecstatic as love's virgin kiss.

We know not what may be in store
A little farther on;
But, oh! in days which are no more,
At times a brightness shone,
A brightness which was so intense
The clouds by contrast seemed more dense
Whene'er the flash was gone,

As lightnings serve to emphasize
The storm-rack sweeping o'er the skies.

And yet we know that those who weep,
And those who laugh and sing,
Shall side by side repose in sleep
Where peace shall fold her wing;
And all ambition's dreams shall come
To dust and ashes in the tomb;
To but one hope we cling,
And think of life as but a spark
Which trembles upward in the dark.

Advent

He comes who on His natal day
Inglorious in a manger lay,
Where lowing kine were first to see
God clothed in meek humanity.

He comes who trod the path of life
'Mid thorns and briars, storm and strife,
Whose thoughts were pure, whose words were
kind,
Whose deeds were mercies on mankind.

He comes whom Judah's rulers bought,
Whom Herod's soldiers set at naught,
Who fiercely scourged and mocked by turns,
Endured the platted crown of thorns.

He comes who agonizing cried,
The Innocent, the Crucified,
Who on Mount Calvary's awful height
Expired while heaven was veiled in night.

He comes, but now a dreadful form
Begirt with lightnings and with storm,
Before whose face, whose glance before,
The heavens depart and are no more.

He comes, while saints and angels sing,
Beholding their triumphant King,
Who comes to bring His wanderers home,
And even so, Lord Jesu, come!

A Litany

By Thy sighs and lamentation,
By Thy woes and desolation,
By Thy deep humiliation,
Χριστέ ἐλέησον.

By Thy sorrows unremitting,
By Thy lowly love, befitting
Thee with outcast sinners sitting,
Χριστέ ἐλέησον.

By Thy tried and tortured patience,
Which endured man's imprecations,
By Thy great commiserations,
Χριστέ ἐλέησον.

By Thy death and resurrection,
Challenging the world's affection,
Raise, oh! raise us from dejection,
Χριστέ ἐλέησον.

By Thy mercy, which redoundeth
To our profit, and aboundeth,
While the song of triumph soundeth,
Χριστέ ἐλέησον.

A Litany

When the morning floods the sky,
When the midday sun is high,
When the calm of eve is nigh,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

When our daily task begins,
And our toil its guerdon wins,
Yet despite our many sins,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

While we labor to acquire
That which perisheth, inspire
Something nobler, something higher,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

And when ends our toil, and we
Mingle in eternity,
May we find ourselves with Thee,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

I Know

I know she loves me best of all,
And that for me alone
The smiles awake, the teardrops fall,
As joys are lost or won.
I know she can not prove untrue,
And that, for weal or woe,
She shall be mine to dare and do
God's purpose here below.

O noble heart and quenchless soul,
There comes a brighter day,
When adverse waves no more shall roll,
Nor day-beams fade away;

And in that day, so bright to me,
She shall be mine alone,
And each to each shall dearer be
As happy days roll on!

To a Beautiful Woman

WITH A VOLUME OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS

O fairest of women, the fairest
That ever my fancy portrayed,
Accept this slight gift, if thou carest
For aught that a poet hath said;
Accept it, because that the giver
Has learnt from thine eloquent eye,
That loveliness, beauty, and favor
Are charms which he can not defy.

Away with the musings of sages!
Away with the moralist's look!
I will read from thy wonderful pages,
Thou living, adorable book!
Let the wisdom of Grecian and Roman
Be heard from the lips of the wise;
But teach me that wisdom, O woman,
Which sparkles in eloquent eyes!

Alone

Alone tonight? Oh! not alone,
While mem'ry true to me remains;
For though the busy crowd be gone,
No voice in solitude complains.

Tonight, though silence reigns supreme,
And solitary hours speed on,

Still my affection loves to dream
And feel that I am not alone.

Has not thy spirit hovered near,
And heard I not that voice of thine?
Fell there not music on mine ear
In human accents half divine?

Alone? How can I be alone,
While mem'ry hoards thee as a gem,
Which tenderest affection won
For love's immortal diadem!

From Horace

AD FONTEM BANDUCIAM

O Fount of Banducia, than crystal more clear,
Embellished with flowerets, and worthy of
wine,
Tomorrow a kid thou'lt receive, which shall
wear
Its fresh-sprouting horns, as it hastens to join
In love and in war, but in vain; for the blood
Of this offspring of wantons shall crimson thy
flood.

The dogstar can pierce not thy shade when he
burns;
Thou coolest the oxen fatigued at the plow;
And thou cheerest the flock as it hither returns.
O Fount, that shalt yet be more famous than
now;
For I'll sing of the oak, which throws shadows
below
O'er the rock, whence thy streams prattle down
in their flow.

Horace:

While I was loved, nor dared to know
That some more favored youth would fling
His arm around thy neck of snow,
I lived more blest than Persia's King.

Lydia:

While thou hadst not another flame,
Nor Chloe thrust thy Lydia forth,
I, Lydia, was of greater fame
Than Roman Ilia, queen of earth.

Horace:

The Thracian Chloe rules me now.
She's skilled in music, plays upon
The harp — for her I'd die, I vow,
If fate but spare my darling one.

Lydia:

A Thurian youth inflames my breast
With mutual love, for whom I'd die —
Yes, twice I'd die, I do protest,
If fate would spare my darling one.

Horace:

What! if our former love return,
And broken ties be joined once more;
If Chloe's golden hair I scorn,
And Lydia find an open door —?

Lydia:

Though he be fairer than a star, —
Thou light as cork, fierce as the sea,
When Adriatic billows war,
With thee I'd live, I'd die with thee!

I lately lived a proper one
 For girls, and warred with much renown;
 But now this wall which, toward the morn,
 Guards worshiped Venus, ocean born,
 Shall guard my weapons; here I lay
 My lyre discharged from warlike fray;
 Here, here lay down the torch apace,
 And here the wrenching irons place,
 Here lay the bows which shall no more
 Menace the strong, resisting door.
 O Cyprian Goddess — ruler, too,
 Of Memphis, free from Thracian snow,
 Lift high th' avenging lash with might,
 And thou the haughty Chloe smite!

Insecurity

We live, we love, we build the pile
 Of life's proud fane, which is to be;
 We look upon our work and smile
 In dreams of sweet complacency.

But lo! th' unerring hand of truth
 Lays all our fabric in the dust;
 And all the golden age of youth
 Is dedicate to moth and rust.

Oddities

Dear Me!

I have kissed her at the threshold, in the kitchen,
and the cellar,
In the dining-room and parlor, in the garret
and the hall;
I have hugged her in all corners in an ecstasy to
tell her
How I loved her and adored her, as the dearest
girl of all.

And she kissed me — yes, she kissed me with the
sweetest of all kisses,
And she hugged — oh! she hugged me in the
dearest sort of way;
And she never went to seek me that she ever
nearly missed me,
For my heart would beat so loudly that she'd
hear it rods away.

There's a good deal of palaver as to what are life's
best treasures,
And the rabble make selection as to what they
think is bliss;
But give me my Irish Norah as the fountain of
all pleasures,
And I'll clasp her to my bosom, and I'll lan-
guish in a kiss.

Mathematical

If all our hugs were put together,
And made into one long, fond squeeze,
Just twenty days of glorious weather
Would be the sum, dear, if you please.

And, oh! to seal those amorous blisses,
I've laid upon that pretty mouth
Four thousand and eight hundred kisses,
And still I languish in a drouth.

Bray County

A man may stay in County Bray
To classify the stones and hills,
And measure snow when tempests blow,
And scold at grippe and other ills;
And often see the mercury
Congealed at forty odd below;
But oft he'll think of one warm brink,
And sometimes thither long to go.

I've trudged about, and in and out
This desolate and bleak domain,
But all I've found, above the ground,
Is storm, and wind, and snow, and rain.
Since Noah's flood dropped stone and mud
From Proton up to Colpoy's Bay,
The wildcat, lynx, and skunk that stinks,
Have been indigenous in Bray.

I wonder why men wait to die
In such an uncongenial spot,
Where nought but stones can shield their bones
From wind and weather in their plot.
There's not enough of soil to stuff
Between the stones and fill the chinks;
To die up here seems mighty queer,
The thought produces funny kinks.

Dear Misther Molony

Dear Misther Molony,
My cozy ould crony,
Whose poethry kem by the wings av the post,
Yer welcome to wake me
From dhrames that o'ertake me,
And sing in my ear av the haroes we've lost.

Ye hev sung of the Modder,
Where the bastes widout fodder
Bore ginerals an' sogers to glory or death ;
An' ye've sung av the hathen —
The Boers — who stood brathin'
Their threats at our boys, who were houldin' their
breath.

An' ye've sung av the battles,
An' shields made av wattles,
(Or maybe 'twas swords that ye sung av instead)
An' my heart bate wid glory
While readin' the story
Av blood an' av thunder, av powther an' lead.

An' I think as I'm readin',
How proud I'd be leadin'
The parsons to glory in battle array ;
While wid prayin' an' preachin',
An' croonin' and schrachin',
We would dhrive all the divils an' hathen away.

So here's to ye, crony,
Mavourneen Molony,
May bad luck fly from ye an' lave ye alone,
Till ye sing every minute,
Yer sowl, like a linnet,
Not av foights we hev lost, but av foights we hev
won.

An' whin we are shlapin'
In marble's cowl'd kapin',
Or maybe in dhirt where the thistles bloom fine,
Sure the people will say thin:
"The dhread av the hathen
Are shlapin' below — since they swung in the
line."

To Charles

You are twelve months old today,
And we bid the moments stay
Till we celebrate the wonderful event
With an extra dish of pap,
And a few new toys to rap,
And some gaudy clothes, which haven't got a
rent.

You are twelve months old, my boy,
And you've given me some joy,
And a little bit of trouble, maybe, too;
But to me 'tis all the same,
Sleeping, waking, wild, or tame
There is not another boy, I think, like you.

You're the idol of my life,
And the girl I call my wife
Is as much enamored of you as myself;
Yet some people, whom I know,
Think you're quite a perfect show,
Good alone at breaking crockery and delf.

But we think you wondrous wise,
When an alley twice the size
Of your mouth is somehow almost swallowed
down;
And the doctor we must call

To extract the glassy ball,
And we wonder why he growls and dares to
frown.

And when the stones and chips
Get within your rosy lips,
And you swallow them, and then begin to kink,
Why, we pace the floor all night,
With a feeling of delight
That we'll sometime in the future get a wink.

But when the morning breaks,
And the matin bird awakes,
And you waken with the bird and sweetly smile,
Then we ask — of course we do —
If another boy like you
Can be found in all the place for many a mile.

So I chant for you my lay,
For you're twelve months old today,
And I trust you will not take it quite amiss,
If I publicly declare
What a wondrous boy you are,
And affix my own sign manual to this.

What the Pug was Thinking

Come to me, my English Pug,
With your saucy Irish mug,
Tell me what your head is thinking,
As you sit there sagely winking;
For you seem to be so wise,
Trying to look twice your size,
That I'd like to know if winking
Is an evidence of thinking.

"What I'm thinking of," asks Pug,
"I of the Hibernian mug?
I am thinking of my dinner,
Just like any other sinner;
For I have a hunger pain
In my stomach back again;
Pugs and men are like each other
Just as brother is like brother.

"Feed me well, and you will find
That I'm of a quiet mind,
Void of malice or contention,
Gentle as a church convention;
But if I am not well fed,
Just like man, I'll wake the dead
With my howls against the sinner
Who would cheat me of my dinner."

So I stroked my saucy Pug,
As he sat there grave and smug,
With his tail curved up so neatly,
And his smile diffused so sweetly;
And I thought that his replies
Were both orthodox and wise,
Quite enough to prove that winking
Is an evidence of thinking.

Och, Norah Avic

Och, Norah avic,
An' hev ye been sick,
Or hev ye been stharved wid the cowl'd?
I hev waited for days,
An' now, if ye plase,
To ax for a letther I'm bould.

It need not be long
As a clargyman's tongue,
For swateness is judged not by len'th;
For a wee note, och hone,
To a heart that is lone,
Would give sure a wake bit av stren'th.

So, mavournin, awake,
An' yer dhramin' forsake,
An' say ye are livin' or dead;
An' it's joyful I'll be,
Och, Norah machree,
To hear what has niver been said.

'Tis a long time ago,
As the almanacs show,
Since I sint ye a letther in haste;
But niver a word
Of reply have I heard
By stameboat, or stamecars, or baste.

An' it's lonesome I've got
Wid a skullful av thought,
But niver a poipeful av news;
An' it's hard on my health
(Not to spake av my wealth)
To be dopin' all day for the blues.

Och, Norah aroon,
It's yerself that could tune
My heart into song wid yer charms,
If I only could go
To the place that I know,
An' hould ye again in my arms.

But if I can't go
To the place that I know,
The place where my heart is tonight,
Ye can write me some day
A letther to say,
That my bouldness is proper and right.

An' whin ye hev tuck
Up the pen, och, good luck
To the hand that is writin' to me!
That same hand I would squaze
Were I there, if ye plase,
An' pull ye once more on my knee.

I'm Short a Letter

I'm short a letter — what that means
Is subject not for words, but feeling;
For all day long I pass through scenes
Where not one sunbeam's glint is stealing.
There's no one but the lover knows
How much to Mulock* he's a debtor,
Until he finds, at some day's close,
He's short a letter.

'Tis not that we expect a check,
Or princely gift, or special ticket,
When we so stretch and crane our neck
When waiting at the P. O. wicket;
It is that we expect from Her
Something we prize than all things better,
And feel most sad, when we most fear
We're short a letter.

But wisdom says: "Possess your soul
In patience — it may come tomorrow."
Ay! so may death, meanwhile the goal
Must now be won through joy or sorrow;
And nothing can supply the want,
When our Belovèd is the debtor,
And fails to write us, and we can't
Receive our letter.

It seems as if we must away,
And know the cause of her condition;
For sure she must be ill, and may
Be needing much her own physician.
Oh! foolish boy, she'll write in time,
And make you feel so much the better,
That you'll confess, in words sublime,
You've got your letter.

* Sir William Mulock, Postmaster-General of Canada.

To the Flat Earth Sabants

The earth is flat — that's flat!

The foolish Galileo said it moved,
And Newton said a great deal more than that,

And tried to prove it, and some think he proved
That it is round and turns upon its axis
As surely as we have to pay our taxes.
But those old fogies lived so long ago,

Ere telegrams were sent through wireless air,
That we are not such fools as to forego

Our private speculations everywhere.
The earth is flat as pancake on the griddle,

We say it, and we mean — laugh who may;
And that which may to others seem a riddle,

Is plain to us and just as clear as day.
Each day the sun and moon and stars sweep
round —

About three hundred million miles will do it;
But that is not a mystery profound,

Because — because — because they're practiced
to it.

But someone asks: What is beneath the earth?

Why, more earth piled on more, and still on
more.

That's answered easily — 'tis hardly worth

The while to answer those who don't explore
And search out for themselves the simplest things,
As easily defined as Saturn's rings.

Old Anson thought he circumnavigated

The earth (and people spoke great things of
him);

He merely sailed, as, in dish corrugated

A paltry chip floats round within the rim.

He could not sail beyond the rim of ice,

Which keeps us as in Babylonian walls;

Had he once reached the outer precipice,

He and his crew should have sustained some
falls
Down the precipitous and jagged rocks
Outside the rim of earth, where Chaos mocks
The puny progeny of earth; and then,
Just like the rebel angels thrust from heaven,
Who fell nine days, so Anson and his men,
Unwept, unhonored, and, alas! unshriven,
Would, too, have fallen, with an awful yell,
'Way down to Nowhere in the Unknowable!
And this demonstrates that the earth is flat,
Or, rather, like a salad dish enormous;
Some laugh at this, but we don't care for that,
No, not when, armed with school-books, block-
heads storm us.
We go on, like the sun upon its way,
Which speeds three hundred million miles a day,
Or near six thousand miles in every minute —
Who wages war with us shall find but little in it.

When Daddy Takes the Strap

When Daddy takes the strap, you'd think
The house had gone asleep,
And not a one of us dare wink,
As here and there we peep ;
Each breath is held, each heart beats fast,
Each vows no more to scrap ;
And all the fun of life seems past
When Daddy takes the strap.

Oh, when he takes the strap, and vows
He'll show what he can do ;
And then begins to pace the house
And range it through and through ;
Then Frances kicks at Jack no more
And Jack grabs no one's cap ;
While Mamma laughs behind the door
When Daddy takes the strap.

And then, when Daddy brings it down
With all his might and main,
You'd really think his awful frown
Was causing him a pain.
He thinks we're frightened when we bawl,
But we don't care a rap ;
We just pretend, and that is all,
When Daddy takes the strap.

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